



# It's Alright To Cry...



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## Chapter 1 by Kaleigh

I wake up to darkness. Feeling for anything that can give me a sign to where I am. I sit on a cold stone floor, wondering how I ended up here.

"HELP!!!" I yell, but hear no response but the echo rebound off the walls around me. I repeat the cry, but have no luck. "Please..." I mutter before erupting into tears.

"It's alright to cry..." I hear a whisper say to me.

All that I could hear was my screams echoing off the walls, wondering if I was dead, or if this was all a dream.

## Chapter 2 by Kaleigh



But if this was a dream, I wouldn't have the real feeling my skin crawling. But that doesn't mean that I wouldn't mind being at home, in my warm bed, knowing I'm safe.

Thinking of home makes me get emotional, I cry again, this time with more anger.

"It's alright to cry." I hear again, this time louder than a whisper.

"Shut up!" I scream, not knowing how to contain my anger, boiling inside of me.

## Chapter 3 by Sam I am



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## Chapter 4 by Randompeepur



Footsteps echoes in the dark room, and I feel a surge of wind passing me as the footsteps grows nearer. At this point, it feels as if my eyes are blind due to the darkness surrounding me, although I could still feel tears streaming down my face. There is silence and a gnawing pain in my stomach due to the nervousness that I have been feeling since I opened my eyes to the darkness.

The footsteps are growing closer that I can almost hear it inches away from where I am positioned. My body feels heavy, and running away seems to be a bad decision since I am unable to see anything. I am sobbing, crying, and frantically turning my head left and right, trying to see a way out albeit there is nothing but darkness.

I hear my own heart beating fast and I am still crying; instead of crying due to the memories of my safe home, I am crying due to fear.

## Chapter 5 by Hipster\_5SOS



The footsteps begin to sound louder and louder until, I hear it stop. I hear someone sigh. I cry even harder and I try to force myself not to cry.

"Shhh, it's alright to cry." The unknown voice mumbles, it sounds very deep, a voice of a man. I don't answer back and it seems as if he is sitting in front of me. I try thinking of what I did yesterday, last night, this morning, and the person says something before I do.

"You know, crying is not a sign of weakness, sometimes you need to take a break from life and vent everything out." His voice sounds very familiar, like that boy I met in the party last night.

Yes! Last night.

"George?" I softly ask, wishing he won't harm me.

"Oh." The sounds of his footsteps say that he's walking away from me.

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Chapter 6 by River's end (Purbali)



"No! Wait!" The footsteps... my face. Pooling into a small puddle beneath me. "It's okay to cry," he replies, and then he walks away. My sobs become

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more savage "No" I whisper softly, I stand up, and my damp shoes grapple the floor to find a place which is not soaked. I take my first step and slip, slamming into the ground, my vision blurry and all I hear are those words.

"It's okay to cry"

## Chapter 7 by CAPSLOCK



As I fade into incoherence, I feel a lifting sensation, as if someone is cradling my head in their lap. Before I can fight back, I am unconscious.

...

All around me is pure. Not white, but the absence of any color. I hold back my tears, and stagger to my feet.

I feel so hungry, and so tired despite my trauma-induced nap. How long was I asleep? I step forward tentatively, testing the nonexistent ground around me. It seemed stable, so I started walking. I'm not sure how far I went, because there were no landmarks for me to judge off of. If you asked me to find the place I'd started off in, I wouldn't be able to find it.

It was really peaceful here, despite the lack of food or water. But, after an indeterminate amount of time, I heard footsteps lightly dusting behind me.

Turning suddenly, I see him. Before I am able to speak, he interrupts.

"Where am I?" He looks bewildered, and scared. Exactly the mirror of my emotions. Then, he seems to have a realization.

"Morgan?" He stares at me. I continue to try and figure out what's going on while he stares back, my brain sifting through possible explanations at light-speed. I quietly ask him, after a time of silence and intense stares, my question.

"Why did you keep telling me that it is okay to cry?"

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"I wasn't the one saying that. You were the one..."

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The blankness around us started to become hazy, hazy towards him, but he seemed to back away. He cried out.

"Morgan, come back! Why are you running from me?"

I tried to explain how it was him, not me, but the air was grey, and hazing in a color phase into darkness. I cried for him, but he didn't seem to hear me.

All was black.

I couldn't help it. Away from everything I've ever known, to see a glimpse of reality, and have it snatched away like that. A solitary tear beaded up, and I blinked it back.

"It is okay to cry." His deep voice said.

I sobbed. I whimpered and snuffled, and let the hiccups wrack my body like spasms. I curled into a ball and tried to block out the world. It always worked before.

But how can you block out nothingness?

The voice said something different.

"All will be well."

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